your skin is like a melody (your heartbeat brings me to my knees)

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by abbymyg

Summary

Hannibal is Will's violin tutor. He has a special reward system set in place for when Will learns how to play a song.

For the bingo prompts: violin + private tutor

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

"No, no, remember what we talked about," Hannibal chastises Will. "From the beginning, start again."

Will groans and rolls his eyes. He hates this. He never wanted to learn how to play the violin. He much rather be outside, swimming in the lake or fishing or doing whatever else with the beautiful, sunny day that it is. But no, his father insists on him learning, because “look how many instruments your brother plays!” and all that crap.

At least his tutor is handsome, and he implemented a good reward system that makes Will genuinely want to do things right.

“Go ahead, I know you can do it,” Hannibal encourages him, then smiles widely. “You know what awaits you if you land every note.”

Will swallows, his heart doing a flip. He takes a deep breath, exhales, then nears the bow to the violin, readying to play. He counts to three in his mind and begins. The song he’s learning is a particularly hard one. His father wants him and his brother to play at an important event he’ll host, so he has no other choice but to learn it well.

He does a good job this time and looks at Hannibal with a happy smile when he’s done. The tutor smiles and nods at him as well.

“Well done, Will,” Hannibal says. “But, it still could be better. One more time, please.”

Will groans and his lips form a pout. “But I landed all of the notes!” he complains.

“Yes, but it’s clear from a trained ear that you’re playing it without any passion. We don’t want the event attendees to think that,” Hannibal argues.

“No one will even pay attention to it, who cares that much?”

“I care,” Hannibal says simply. “Come on, again.”

Will sighs but complies anyway. He performs the song once more. He closes his eyes, letting the melody guide him. Once he’s done, he opens his eyes to find Hannibal looking at him with an approving smile, wider than his usual ones.

“Beautiful, Will, well done,” he says.

Will feels a warm heat spreading through his body under the intensity of his tutor’s affection. His crush on him is almost embarrassing. And the knowledge of what he knows is going to happen next makes butterflies flutter around in his stomach, and his mouth waters in almost a Pavlovian reaction.

And Hannibal? Hannibal wants to eat him whole. The way the man’s big blue eyes glow with desire as he looks at him from under his eyelashes, and his plush lips slightly parted is a sinful sight. Hannibal wants to ruin him. He would do anything for him, including putting his work at risk. If he believed he could get away with kidnapping the young rich heir without

putting the hugest of targets on his head, he would. He has to conform to possess him during their lessons, three times a week.

“Come here,” Hannibal says, patting his lap.

Will goes happily, sitting on his lap. The air between them thickens with tension and desire. Hannibal's hands glide over Will's waist, holding him close. Will throws his arms around Hannibal’s neck, resting his hands there almost shyly. Hannibal is the one who brings their lips together, capturing them in a ravenous kiss. Their mouths mold together, tongues intertwining with fervor. Will's moans escape into their passionate kiss, echoing the depths of his longing. He’s such a beautiful, wanton creature. He can feel Will’s erection slightly coming to life, rubbing against his own.

Hannibal breaks the kiss, his breath warm against Will's flushed skin. "You are mine, Will," he whispers possessively, his voice laced with a gentle yet commanding tone. "Every part of you belongs to me."

Will’s breath hitches, eyes widening as his heart does a flip on his chest. The declaration should scare him, and make him want to run as fast as he can, in the opposite direction. Instead, he nods, and speaks, his voice barely a whisper. “I’m yours,” he confirms. “Only yours.”

Hannibal's fingers tangle in Will's hair, gently pulling at the strands as he guides Will's head back. He trails hot kisses along the column of Will's neck, pleased with his response. Will arches into the touch, a soft gasp escaping his lips at every mark the tutor leaves, every brush of his teeth against his skin.

“You’re gorgeous, Will,” Hannibal murmurs, his voice filled with lust. “So responsive.”

Will whines, arching as Hannibal's hand trails down his chest over the thin fabric of his shirt. He hooks his fingers underneath the hem, wanting to raise it. Will understands the gesture and obediently raises his arms. Hannibal hums in appreciation and takes it off.

“So obedient as well,” he says, throwing it to the ground. “Such a good boy.”

Will moans at the compliment, his hips involuntarily jerking, causing him to grind against Hannibal’s cock. The older man groans.

“You like that, sweetheart, don’t you?” Hannibal asks. He trails patterns on Will’s chest with his fingers, making goosebumps erupt on his warm skin. “Being good for me?”

“Yes,” Will whines. “Yes.” Every touch sends shivers of pleasure through him, heightening his senses and deepening his need.

Hannibal’s fingers caress his stomach and then go lower, sneaking his fingers under the waistband of his pants. He slowly undoes the buttons, savoring every shudder and gasp that escapes Will’s lips. Hannibal doesn’t even need to give him any instructions for Will to helpfully get down from his lap so Hannibal can remove the pants and underwear in one go.

It makes Will feel exposed, vulnerable, and desperately needy. He bites down on his bottom lip, a mix of desire and anticipation coursing through his veins. Hannibal's gaze intensifies as he takes in the sight before him, delighting in the vulnerability and trust Will has placed in him.

“What a pretty thing you are,” he says. “Come back here,” he requests, placing a guiding hand on his back and pushing him back to sit on his lap.

Will sits, feeling a bit awkward being naked while Hannibal is fully clothed, but it makes his heart beat faster. It’s hot. He puts his hands on Hannibal’s cheeks and brings their heads together to kiss him, almost chastity. Hannibal presses on his lips with his tongue, seeking to enter his mouth, and Will parts them. His hips are moving in circles, seeking friction against Hannibal’s body.

He groans against the kiss, unable to hold himself back anymore. The kiss turns heated quickly. They both moan, and Hannibal’s hand grips Will’s ass, grinding against him. Will’s hands move to grip Hannibal’s shoulders, pulling him closer.

“Take your pleasure from me, sweetheart,” Hannibal says, stilling.

Will moans and nods. He grinds against Hannibal’s covered length, rubbing against him and fisting his cock. He leans forward, kissing his lover again, licking his lips, sucking on his tongue. He would be embarrassed of how riled up he gets, about the little moans and whimpers and pleas that escape his throat, but he can’t help it.

Hannibal loves it. Seeing Will reduced to this state. It makes him feel powerful. He likes nothing more than to see Will moaning and begging for more. He licks his lips, anticipating the mess the boy is bound to make when he comes. He caresses Will’s cheek absentmindedly while keeping his other hand on his butt, holding him.

“Touch me, Hannibal,” Will asks, “please.”

“You beg so beautifully for me, my love, such good manners,” he praises, making another whine escape his darling’s lips. “How can I refuse?”

He joins Will’s hand around his cock. He strokes him up and down, accompanying the boy’s movements. He pays extra special attention to the tip, enjoying each sound Will lets out. The way he tries not to jerk or tense his entire body. The way his moans turn into low cries. The way those bright blue eyes meet his’, full of adoration and need. Hannibal thinks he might come in his pants at the sight.

“I’m gonna come, sir,” Will warns, his nails digging into Hannibal’s shoulders.

Hannibal’s cock throbs at the use of the ‘sir’ outside of their violin lessons context.

“Come for me then, darling boy, let go,” he says.

Will does. His head falls back as he climaxes and his body trembles from the rush of pleasure. Hannibal’s name falls from his lips like a prayer as the man keeps stroking his cock,

the thick ropes of hot cum landing all over Hannibal's dress shirt and pants. Some more rebellious droplets fall on Will's neck, and the tutor leans forward to lick them up. Will gasps in response.

"Ah, look at the mess you made," Hannibal says with playful disappointment.

He intended to just tease Will a bit. He wasn't expecting the boy to say "I'm sorry" so softly and crawl down from his lap to kneel on the ground and lick at the spots of clothing stained by cum, cleaning it up with his tongue.

Hannibal's breath hitches, and his cock pulsates when Will's tongue sucks right next to it.

This boy will be the death of him, and Hannibal will go willingly.

End Notes

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